

Millions Lost In Brooklyn Oil Tank Fire

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put out of commission half an hour after the fire started by the explosion of the twelve-inch main steam pipe. Thereafter the flames spread from tank to tank. Some of these contained naphtha, others gasoline, some paraffine, but all of them some sort of refined oil, far more inflammable than crude oil.

At 6 o'clock last night ten of the huge, gray steel storage vats were contributing to the monstrous, black, funnel-shaped cloud of smoke, which, resting on several acres of billowing flame, was visible from any point in the greater city and the cause of wonder among the crews of ships miles at sea.

Big Fire-Fighting Force

One third of the fire-fighting force of the greater city was engaged in fighting the fire. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon a "thorough alarm" was turned in the direction of Fire Commissioner Thomas Driscoll, who, with Acting Chief "Smoky Joe" Martin, was early on the scene. At dark a Twenty-third Street ferryboat loaded with firemen left Manhattan for the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn. These men were to relieve the exhausted men who had been on duty all afternoon in a heat that blistered their faces and hands. Officials of the plant said it was futile for them to attempt to estimate the loss. It was believed it would be nearer \$5,000,000 than \$1,000,000, depending much on the success that rewarded the efforts to keep the flames from crossing Kingsland Avenue. Forty oil tanks are now in that part of the plant between New York Creek, Kingsland, Normal and Greenpoint avenues. Across Kingsland Avenue are sixty other tanks, most of which contain crude oil.

110,000,000 Gallons at Plant
The total capacity of the plant was roughly estimated yesterday at 110,000,000 gallons, divided among tanks ranging in capacity from 5,000 barrels to 35,000 barrels.

The refinery is inclosed by a concrete wall ten feet high on three sides. The fourth side is bounded by Newtown Creek. The wall incloses about seven acres of ground. Beneath this ground is an intricate network of pipes. Some of these are a part of the refining process, but others are oil pipelines, with arms extending to Bayonne, N. J., Long Island City and one or two other Standard Oil plants.

When it became apparent yesterday that the fire was beyond control, much of the oil was sucked out of the tanks and pumped to the other plants, miles away and out of danger. The intense heat from the burning tanks, however, ignited many of the exposed pipes, causing them to crack and spurt jets of flame into the roaring inferno.

Tank of Naphtha Explodes

Late in the afternoon a tank of naphtha exploded. All afternoon the firemen had kept their pitifully inadequate hose lines playing on this tank and its twin also filled with naphtha. Then someone called with naphtha on top of the tank flew high in the air with a roar like the sigh of a tired giant. Flames mushroomed out over the sides. They reached to Kingsland street, which girdles the tank field. The street was a tangled net work of fire hose. Here and there were ambulances and fire fighting vehicles, and about 1,000 men, firemen, policemen, reporters, employees of the plant and a few small boys who had slipped through the police lines several blocks away.

The first blistering wave of flame swept over this gathering, scorching their faces, but turning their blood to

Firemen Fighting Flames in Big Oil Tank



Picture taken at height of Standard Oil plant fire in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, yesterday.

ice water. As one man they started to run. The drivers of the ambulances and the Fire Department automobiles led the way for only a part of the distance, even though they forgot the ordinary inhibitions of curbstones and the tangle of fire hose in the street.

Fat Policeman on High
One policeman, very fat, overtook an ambulance.

"Get out of my way!" he shouted, but the ambulance driver had his gears ad just then, and the policeman was glad to climb aboard the tail.

Alexander Golobiewsky, a tow-headed boy of four years, was knocked down by one of the fleeing men. In the rush any man might have done it, but this particular man just kept on going, and Alexander lay where he had fallen, his yellow hair a tangle of dirt and blood. A man stepped on the child, but kept on going, and then, of half a dozen who reached to pick him up, a man in the uniform of a B. R. T. conductor was quickest, and, with Alexander in his arms, fled down Kingsland Avenue toward Norman

Avenue. The conductor was Joseph Freedberg, of 458 Kingsland Street.

As an ambulance surgeon prodded and poked little Alexander and dressed a cut on his head, Freedberg proudly announced that he had just returned from France and expressed a strong hope that he could meet the man who had knocked the child down.

At Normal Avenue and Kingsland there is a row of tenement houses, the lower floor occupied by saloons and groceries and the upper floors by the families of Polish workmen employed in the refinery. The heat from the last explosion was beginning to blister the paint on the woodwork of this row of brick tenements.

Down the stairs tumbled helter skelter a host of shrieking mothers with children clinging to their skirts and others in their arms.

New Baby in Danger
One woman with two children, who kept crying for their mother, explained that their mother was lying in bed on the third floor of the tenement, and that with her was a tiny baby boy, born during the night. The father had gone to get an ambulance to remove them when the naphtha tank exploded and brought danger closer.

The woman was Mrs. Regina Wysocky, 341 Kingsland Avenue. She was painfully making her way down the stairs, sitting down, sliding from step to step, but carrying the half-day-old baby when her husband and another man returned and aided her to the street. There they put her in a chair, and using this as a litter carried her to Norman Avenue, where there was an ambulance. This carried the mother and baby to Greenpoint Hospital.

About an hour later the Wysocky apartment caught fire and the interior was destroyed. It is believed it was caused by an overheated stove left unattended for when the family fled. Half a dozen fire boats were lined up in Newtown Creek, pumping its gray water through lines of hose with which firemen were struggling

to cool the blistering sides of oil tanks in the fire area.

Greenpoint is not included in the high pressure system, and some engines were stationed ten blocks from the fire.

Rumors of Firemen Killed
One or two of the tanks buckled and collapsed after burning several hours, and liquid fire sprayed over the ground, driving back the firemen. Some of them were not quick enough, and their hose remained and was destroyed.

There were reports that firemen had been trapped and burned to death, but officials of the department denied that any lives had been lost.

Many firemen suffered injuries. Among these were:

William Brown, Fire Company 18, burned face and arms; St. Catherine's Hospital.

Charles Fenick, twenty-seven, 1043 Porro Avenue, Brooklyn, lacerations of scalp, burns about the hands and face; Greenpoint Hospital.

John English, badly burned; St. Catherine's Hospital.

P. J. Kromeyer, Engine Company 33, 427 East 164th Street, The Bronx, dislocation of right ankle; St. Catherine's Hospital.

George Lantime, Twelfth Street, Woodside (Queens), Engine Company 78, cut on right ankle.

Leo Wilson, Fire Company 43, 219 East Twenty-fifth Street, Manhattan, sprained wrist.

Others injured were:

George Painter, thirty-three, 17 New Street, Brooklyn, an employee of the refinery pressure department, overcome by gas fumes. He was revived by a pumpator and taken to St. Catherine's Hospital.

Vincent Sweeney, thirty-five, 185 Eldridge Street, Brooklyn, a laborer, employed at the refinery, burned about face and arms; St. Catherine's Hospital.

Italian Colony to Give Sculpture to Cardinal Mercier

Cardinal Mercier will receive a gift from New York's Italian colony when he returns here this week. It will be a bronze cast of a bas-relief by Onorio Ruotolo, Italian sculptor of this city, entitled "Belgium—1914-18—And Jesus Wept."

Dr. Joseph Isola, editor of the Catholic weekly, "For the Good," who is arranging for the presentation, announced yesterday that the tablet would be given to the Belgian prime minister Wednesday, and that several receptions are to be accorded the Cardinal or at some of the subsequent events in his honor scheduled for the latter half of this week. On the committee of presentation will be several New York Italian priests.

Christ Weeps at Misery
Ruotolo's bas-relief depicts Christ, head turned aside, weeping at a passing procession of Belgian widows and orphans. On the back of the tablet will be inscribed: "To His Eminence, Cardinal Mercier, from the Italian Colony of New York City, September, 1919."

Cardinal Mercier will attend the anniversary mass in memory of Cardinal Farley at St. Patrick's Cathedral Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock. Archbishop Patrick J. Hayes notified pastors of the diocese yesterday that representatives of all the parishes were invited. Cardinal Mercier will hold a reception for the clergy of the diocese after the mass.

Reception at Hotel Astor
Belgian residents in New York are preparing a special reception for the Cardinal at the Hotel Astor next Friday evening. The reception will be under the auspices of the Belgian Bureau, which has named a committee in charge, including Pierre Mail, Belgian Consul General; the Right Rev. J. F. Stillemaes, F. De Rop, Lionel Hagenaers, Jules Maes, Jules Mertens, the Rev. O. A. Nys, John Schobben, Albert Tyck and Guillaume Van de Putte. Tickets for the reception will be issued only on application to the Belgian Bureau, 431 West Forty-seventh Street, today and to-morrow.

Prior to the reception Cardinal Mercier will visit St. Albert's Church in West Forty-seventh Street, and then proceed to the new convent of the Belgian Sisters, 437 West Forty-seventh Street, which he will dedicate. A dinner tendered by Mr. Mail to the Cardinal will immediately precede the reception.

(Reprinted from yesterday's Late Edition)

Drama

"Civilian Clothes," by Thompson Buchanan, Seen at the Morosco

By Heywood Brown

An excellent idea for the stage was presented last night when Thompson Buchanan's "Civilian Clothes" opened at the Morosco Theatre. An excellent idea, fresh, broad in scope and truly dramatic, but oh, Mr. Buchanan! It may be, as Mr. Buchanan says, that the way to handle a woman in a "treat her rough," but we are quite sure that it is a mistake to extend the rule to plots.

"Civilian Clothes" is a play about an American girl of patrician stock, who goes to France and falls in love with a brave young captain. He is a hero, a masterful and efficient officer and a romantic hero. She marries him secretly in a shell-swept village just behind the lines, and a few days later he is severely wounded. In fact, his name appears on the list of those killed in action and the girl does not see him again until months after the war, when he comes unexpectedly to her home in civilian clothes. The shoes of the hero are a bright yellow, his tie is red and green and his suit bulges where it should press closely and presses closely where it should hang free. He is not a romantic figure, and with the glamour gone her loves does, too, for a little while. The shock is all the harder when the former army man tells the girl that his father is the best cobbler in Racine and that he intends to take her to live in a little cottage next the shop.

Here is an excellent starting point for light comedy, high comedy, tragedy, farce, or what you will, but Buchanan has elected to treat his theme as broad and cheap farce comedy with sentimental complications. In order to teach his wife a lesson in social democracy, the husband, whose identity is not known to the rest of the family, accepts a position as butler in the girl's home, and the audience is treated to a more or less familiar comparison between the virtues of the humble and the vices of the affluent. Of course the experiment succeeds.

Every now and then a line blazes out from the embers, which makes it possible to believe that Buchanan could have done much better with his theme, but purposely cheapened it to bid for popular favor. Rarely is the for going to the movies, which is a better treatment of the theme. It can be said in justice to the play that, although it is often cheap and tawdry, there is a distinct current of events and a distinct act, which drags badly. Incident is abundant, and many of the humorous devices, although familiar, are handled adroitly enough to be amusing.

The acting is attuned to the character of the play. Thurston Hall as Sam McGinnis, the homespun hero, was particularly successful. He overcame by a wide margin in many instances, but his performance has the

merit of being alive and vigorous, and in spite of its flaws it was much relieved by the first nighters. Another performance, almost as effective and somewhat shrewder to our mind, was that of Marion Vanine as a scheming widow. Olive Tell was beautiful to look at, and acted at times well enough to make the audience forget the fact. Frank Sylvester, who has a notable gallery of stage portraits to his credit, was wasted on a rather thankless role. William Holden and Jack Rutherford were effective.

"Scandal" Opens at the

39th Street Theatre

For the illumination of that brightly, highly colored society life which is so veraciously portrayed between the covers of "The Cosmopolitan Magazine" Cosmo Hamilton has given us a dramatization of his novel, "Scandal," which opened at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre last night with Francine Larrimore and Charles Clerry in the leading roles. "Scandal" comes to New York preceded by the news of a successful run in Chicago, and since people who want to escape reality must be at least as numerous here as there, there is no reason why it should not duplicate its success.

The motivation of the play rises in the white heat of those adorable, tempestuous, utterly senseless heroines who are designed to carry all before them by their charm and to dry up the flow of reason at its source. To subject the reasoning of such one to examination would be sacrilege to a sacred tradition of the theatre. "Scandal" concerns the episode of a high-society young woman whose father it is to trifle with the passion of a young painter, a notorious rake. His name is coupled with hers in a scurrilous paragraph of a society sheet, and to compound the disgrace she visits him in his rooms late at night—quite innocently but defiantly, you understand. Here she is accidentally met by two men, old friends, who urge discretion upon her. One of them is her devoted cavalier, the other has a strong desire to tame her.

When she is hunted down by her furious, disapproving family she extricates herself from her predicament by boldly announcing that she is secretly married to the scornful young man. As a gentlemanly source of thought why, we do not quite understand, he is to bow and submit to her lie, but to punish her he means to carry out the prerogatives of his situation. Thereafter the struggle between the two is on. In their bedroom that night he forces her, against her sneers, her threats, her rage, to submit to his dictation. He tears her dress off and forces her to go to bed and when, helpless and humiliated, he has her at his mercy, he flings the key of their room at her and with a withering speech walks out of their room. The secret must be kept, however, and on the ensuing honeymoon the struggle continues. Through it all, however, he handles her person with the most scrupulous respect. It is obvious, however, that they have fallen in love with each other. Of this, some love-making of the you-be-damned sort is eloquent proof, and it requires a scene of physical force to complete her subjection and chastening.

Treated with sophistication and cultivation there is a first rate theme here for high comedy. But Mr. Hamilton is instead rather designed to give this the broad sweep of passion, and it gives off a hollow sound at the striking of the major chords. There are, nevertheless, a few comedy scenes that are surprisingly successful. These are played with a fine deftness by Miss Larrimore and Mr. Clerry. Miss Larrimore is a connoisseur of charm and spirit, though her moments of passion were quavering. Mr. Clerry strove manfully to make his role seem as

reasonable as possible. That it is a paper-mache role is no fault of his.

"Scandal" is gaudy and meretricious and utterly theatrical. Not one moment of it is sincere. Its romance is as stale as the stalest of stale.

It is as naively an article of commerce as the theatre affords. Like most professional articles it has a degree of technical finish. No time has been wasted in making its crude and flimsy structure of ideas any sounder, but its "strong" moments are contrived with excellent stage effect.

Justice Deplores Fall Of Greenwich Village

Debauched by People From Old World, Says Tierney in Divorce Hearing

Interlopers have debauched Greenwich Village, said Justice Tierney, in the Bronx County Supreme Court yesterday, and destroyed its character as a place of hallowed memories. The occasion of Justice Tierney's remarks was the divorce suit of Mrs. Marguerite Hand, of the Hotel Newton, at 2528 Broadway. Her husband, Claudius, is a lawyer with offices at 49 Broadway.

A referee's report of the evidence, presented to the justice, related that Mr. Hand was accused of maintaining three apartments in the village. He was dispossessed of one because of the noise made by parties given there.

and in a studio at 10 East Fifteenth Street, Mrs. Hand said, she found her husband with another woman.

After reserving decision, both on confirmation of the referee's finding and an application for alimony, Justice Tierney said:

"This section some years ago was one of the most delightful in the city. It was both the birthplace and the home of some of the most prominent men in New York. I am astonished at the people and the change of character that the neighborhood has undergone. These disgusting and debauching conditions cannot be traced to native New Yorkers. They have been introduced by people who came over from the old world. It is deplorable that this once splendid section should now be the abiding place of such characters."

Briefs

Mrs. Lucie Betts, forty-eight years old, either jumped or fell from a window on the second floor of the apartment building, 401 East 140th Street, and was killed.

Stanislaus Corosky, of 23 Oakland Street, Brooklyn, leaped in front of a train entering the subway station at Fourth Avenue and Thirty-third Street, but escaped serious injury.

The Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee announced a gift from Mrs. Woodrow Wilson of \$150, which will serve to support for a year one of the thousands of Armenian war orphans in the Near East.

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